

he had Frank B. Ford
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All a Dither

We all started avoiding him because he made us nervous. I had never thought of how to label his actions until my secretary says "This new printer dithers; I mean it's supposed to, fills out each little individual letter better that way."

"It cost enough!...like Dagwood's Mr Dithers in Blondie, hey?"

"Yeah," she winks, "or somebody else."

Well that somebody else was *our* Mr Dithers, so as his supervisor, I finally sweettalked him into early retirement. Well, I mean, you couldn't see him! He'd make you blink and blink.

On his last day we took him out to the best of the city's second tier of restaurants and our waitress squealed "Well look at you! Wow, you're the best one yet!"

"He sort of...dithers," I whispered.

"Yeah, right. Whatever. Everybody does, really. I see everybody's. Everything."

"No kidding. Mine too? I do? I have one?"

"Sure! You should see a rose! Experience it! Awesome!"

"Make sure Cookie doesn't overcook my steak." I wanted to make sure.